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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1860.

Sketchings.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

NEW YORK.—Four new pictures by Cropsey, have lately arrived, and can be seen at Mr. Menger's, in Dey-street. They are entitled the Seasons, each season being associated with that one of four countries which is most beautiful or impressive under the aspect portrayed. We have England and Spring together, Italy and Summer, America and Autumn, Switzerland and Winter. "Spring in England" shows us a cottage and contiguous landscape, under the aspect of a sunny, fresh morning, in the late part of spring, when the foliage is in full bloom, and roses and elder blossoms are enlivening the scene. "Summer in Italy,"—the effect of noon, when the sun, falling from above, produces a warm, sultry atmosphere, while the landscape is still fresh and luxuriant, the material of the composition being that of the valley of the Arno. "Autumn in America" is a view of Mount Washington, with a snow squall over it—a wild primitive scene, with the trees rocking in the wind, and the water of the lake ruffled by the wind. "Winter in Switzerland" exhibits a grand mountain scene on the Simplon Pass, at sunset, where everything is covered with snow. The distant glaciers are warm with the glowing sun, while shadows are gathering in the ravines. The composition and execution of this series mark a great advance.

We are reminded of the above works by Mr. Cropsey, to insert the following notice of his View on the Hudson, taken from the London Spectator.

"One of the most beautiful pictures of the season is *not* in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It is a large landscape painting, by Jasper F. Cropsey, representing a view on the Hudson River, from the heights above one of the small towns upon its banks. The spectator stands high up, and somewhat back, upon a wooded hill, with an opening before him, through which is a broad view of the river; the land descending from the foreground to the nearest bank, which is, however, quite in the distance. The time is autumn, and the foliage of the tall trees and tangled underwood intermingles a brilliant green with colors of red and yellow that vie in intensity with the hue of flowers. Every one who has visited America knows how glowing is the scenery, how it altogether surpasses the experience of Europe, and would seem, to those who have seen no more than the picture, exaggerated. In the painting before us, however, it is generally agreed that the painter has rather subdued these brilliant tones than otherwise. The country is seen under a vivid sun.

"The subject is treated with great skill. With a sharp eye and a firm hand, Mr. Cropsey is enabled to seize the precise forms of organic life, on the broken ground, in all their variety and force, and the effect of air is conveyed by the movement in the atmosphere above, by the smoke which goes dancing from the steamer funnel, and by the endless change of tint which pervades the entire scene. Still, as in nature, the varying forms and countless tints of innumerable glancing shadows, viewed under one sun, by one pair of eyes, are blended into a harmonious whole, there is complete life and thorough repose.

"One little trait will illustrate the completeness with which the work is done. It is a test we have often applied to pictures, and very seldom found them answer to it. In nature, the forms of the foliage, the position of the tree-trunks, the leaves, and the flower-stems, will be found to present an endless variety of direction. The

landscape painter too often suffers his hand to fall into a pattern: if any variety be introduced, the variations are repeated at certain intervals; and an inorganic mechanism may be detected at a glance. There is nothing of the kind in Mr. Cropsey's picture. It is this, as well as the force and freedom of the coloring, which makes you feel that, placed before the canvas, you stand upon the wooded height, looking over the vast expanse of the Hudson valley, breathing the very air of that magnificent region. The painter's magic makes the room wall open, and the possessor of the picture becomes owner of one of the loveliest and grandest estates in which eye can revel."

Another English periodical describes Mr. Cropsey's picture thus:

"The view is above Brooklyn, looking downward toward the mouth of the river. At the right of the picture we get a view of West Point, the village of Cornwall, and the house of N. P. Willis. The Catskill Mountains, Crow's Nest, and other crags are seen in the distance. On the left lies the ground made famous in many of Washington Irving's tales."

"Twilight in the Wilderness" is the poetical title of Mr. Church's latest work. This picture strikes us as one of his best productions, containing all his excellences and one merit not so prominent in some of his previous works—concentration of interest. It represents one of those phenomenal skies in the portrayal of which the artist may take any liberty with the palette, and apply color as he pleases without stint. The rest of the composition shows less power, except in manipulation. The poetic aim of this work would have been more impressive to our eye had the foreground been painted in accordance with the natural gloom of twilight, instead of being painted in sunlight: the sun is below the horizon, how could the mass of rocks in the foreground reflect its light.

CASILEAR has just completed a landscape called Lake Dunmore. The composition shows us a lake, and, in the background, a distant range of hills; a middle distance of trees connects with the foreground on the right, which stretches across the canvas in the shape of a grassy knoll; the light appears to be the full, broad light of mid-day, or near that hour; the sky is varied with delicate fleecy clouds, and the water with soft, wavy reflections, and a few sparkling sails, a clear summer atmosphere blending the whole harmoniously together. To preserve delicacy of detail, and not have details obtrusive, and to obtain luminousness with breadth, are characteristics of artistic power very different from the trickery of strong contrasts of crude color and startling effects. This work is, in our judgment, conspicuous for these high qualities of Art, and they bear, to our mind, true poetic feeling. We have seen nothing finer from Mr. Casilear's pencil. This picture is worthy of study by amateurs.

WUST has furnished a large landscape of greater power than is visible in any previous effort. The interest of the picture lies in a brilliant sky. The scene represents flat meadow-land, receding to a low horizon, the sky being a luxuriant combination of cloud forms and powerful color. The upper section of the sky, consisting of a pure blue expanse, is a happy expression of space and light.

The exhibition at the National Academy closed on the 19th ultimo. Taking the receipts at the door as the standard of success, the exhibition has not proved as successful as that of last year. There are various causes to account for this, one being bad weather; but the chief cause, it seems to us, is its lack of novelty. Owing to most of the pictures having been seen at the various receptions during the winter, the exhibition has not

had the benefit of that attraction which fresh productions can alone secure to it. There is still another cause of non-success, and one we hope we shall not be called on to cite again—namely, bad rooms, in every respect. Such an entrance, the light, and the accommodations generally of the present galleries, could not well be more objectionable. This obstacle to the Academy's progress, and to the éclat of its exhibition, will soon exist no longer, as the Academy is actively engaged in providing a new building, one in keeping with the dignity of the cause of Art and with the liberal encouragement which the New York community has always extended to Art.

We have seen a clever statnette of a soldier in the act of "charging bayonet," at Goupil & Co.'s gallery, by Adam R. Embler. The subject is well treated; its accuracy of detail is quite remarkable, and the work is everything that could be desired in animation. We learn that Mr. Embler has had no instruction in the art, which makes his performance the more remarkable.

Among the works by foreign artists that we have seen lately is an excellent architectural subject by a Danish artist. The title of the picture is "The Cathedral at Halberstadt;" it is painted by a young man named Heger, at present residing in Munich. The details of a very picturesque Gothic interior are carefully studied and are painted with great fidelity and effect; the figures are well introduced and truthful in character and sentiment. Amateurs of such subjects may see the picture at the office of Marshall Pepon, Esq., No. 52 Wall street.

Of other foreign productions, we have to mention several fine specimens of French art lately received by Mr. Knœdler. He has two figure subjects by Trayer, and two Frères—one representing a group of children around a stove, and the other a girl looking through an aperture in a door, both fine examples of this favorite artist; two small landscapes by Lambinet, two of Plassan's delicately executed figure subjects, and a group of cattle by Troyon. Mr. Knœdler has on exhibition an interesting work of art, in a cartoon by Delaroche, it being the first sketch of the picture in Mr. Belmont's gallery by this master.

THE artists are making contributions of sketches and pictures for the Garibaldi fund. The Italian Committee have given Mr. G. W. Nichols authority to act for them in this matter, and all contributions may be sent either to Sig. Botta, or to Mr. Nichols' Art Gallery, 756 Broadway.

OUR artists, as usual at this season of the year, are distributed over, we may now say, the world. Coleman has gone to Spain, with some intention of visiting Egypt. Stillman is in Switzerland. Cropsey remains in London, where, we believe, Rowse has taken up his residence for a short season. Hotchkiss is in Italy. Cranch, Greenough, May, and Dana, at last accounts, were in Paris. On this side of the ocean we hear of Rossiter and Durand on the banks of the Hudson, near the Highlands, where they are soon to be joined by Whitredge. Gifford, Hubbard, and McEntee are enjoying an excursion on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which, with its beautiful scenery, and the accommodation supplied by its princely managers, affords one of the most delightful experiences an artist can have. Bierstadt goes to the White Mountains, and afterwards to the far West. Kensett is patriotically engaged at Washington; and Shattuck we hear of on the Housatonic River. Casilear is on Long Island, Bellows at Fall River, and Inness at or near Boston. Boughton sailed lately for Paris.

A PUBLICATION of considerable importance has just been undertaken in New York by Mr. George Ward Nichols, proprietor

of the Crayon Gallery, in Broadway. It is similar in design to the well-known *L'Artiste Contemporain* of Paris, which, by means of the lithograph, has given the public so many of the beautiful and characteristic works of Meissonier, Decamps, Diaz, Gerome, and others. All the designs published are put upon the stone by the artists themselves. The first number of Mr. Nichols's publication, *The Porte Crayon*, contains drawings by George L. Brown, Eastman Johnson, A. F. Bellows, and George Inness. Being autographs, they have the characteristic touch of the artists, and each impression is essentially an original drawing. Mr. Brown's contribution to *The Porte Crayon* is a very fine sunny view of the Bay of Naples, and Eastman Johnson's is his lovely "Marguerite" at her spinning-wheel.—*Tribune*.

A number of artists have changed their quarters since the first of May. Among the removals we note the following: Of the artists lately in Appleton's Building, Huntington has removed to Dexter's, No. 562 Broadway; J. Thompson and Loop have studios in the Irving building, No. 594 Broadway; Mathews has gone to Pittsburg; Rossiter, lately in 38th street, occupies a studio at No. 42 Union Place, in Haughwout's Building; G. L. Brown has secured a studio at the corner of Broadway and Eighth street.

BOSTON, June 16, 1860.

Dear Crayon:

Rosa Bonheur's justly celebrated picture of the Horse Fair is now on exhibition at Williams and Everett's, where it is attracting as much attention as it has done elsewhere. The Athenæum is well attended, and Mr. Ordway, who has recently been in your city and in Philadelphia, collecting pictures, promises us some things of more than ordinary interest in the next exhibition, which opens in July. Mr. Thomas Ball's large and commodious studio at the South End is nearly completed, and in a few days he will take possession of it, and commence his colossal equestrian statue of Washington. At present he is engaged upon a bust of President Wayland, of Brown University, the commission for which is given by the students of that institution. The subject is one that will look well in marble. Mr. Thomas Carew is doing a marble bust of the late President Kirkland, for Harvard College. Miss Hosmer returned to this country last April, in consequence of the dangerous illness of her father, Dr. Hosmer, whose health, I rejoice to say, is constantly improving. Her departure from Rome was so sudden, that she will probably be obliged to return there in the autumn, to superintend the works which are now in the hands of her workmen. Her statue of Zenobia, which is seven feet high, is being put into marble, and that and other unfinished statues require the supervision of the artist. "Little Puck," so popular with us, is a decided success abroad. Seven copies, besides the one commissioned by the Prince of Wales, have already been executed. One of Miss Hosmer's latest works is a family monument for her kind friend and munificent patron, Wayman Crow, Esq., of St. Louis. The subject is Christ raising the daughter of Jairus from the dead. The figure of Christ is particularly beautiful, and the whole group seems to me to be the best thing Miss Hosmer has yet done. The Christ is to be nine feet high; the architecture eleven, making in all a monument twenty feet in height, the whole to be done in Carrara marble. The hands of the Christ were modelled from those of Robert Browning; the beautiful hands of the young girl, from those of one of Mr. Crow's daughters. f.

St. Louis.—A correspondent says, "We have had from your

city, a picture dealer (who hails likewise from London and Paris), who has been successful in disposing of part of his collection. One of our citizens with a long purse, who is a *connoisseur* in engravings and etchings, of which he has a magnificent collection, bought a small 'Meissonier,' a Halbert Bearer; an Edouard Frère; an original sketch of Christ in the Garden, by Paul Delaroche; and a 'Puritan,' by Hall of London, an excellent work. The same gentleman has an early work by David Wilkie, apparently a likeness of himself, with palette in hand, and a broad Scotch cap on his head. The size of the work is eight by ten inches. It has been sent to London, and was there authenticated as original, as attributed. Messrs. Hays and Terry, artists of your city, passed through here on their way to the Yellowstone River. They will have a splendid trip, as several tribes will show up for the first time. Winner progresses slowly with his Buffalo Hunt. It is a commission for Dr. Vanzandt. Boyle keeps busy, as do others of the portrait painters." We have a suspicion that the pictures alluded to above as procured of a "dealer" are counterfeits. We advise the purchaser to have his "Meissonier" and the "Delaroche" indorsed, by sending them to Paris.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NATIONAL CLUB OF YOUNG AMERICA, BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB, THEODORE MARCELLUS SMITHE, ESQ.

To the Editor of the Crayon:

SIR: Inclosed please receive for publication in your highly crotchety periodical a *verbatim et literatim* report of an address, delivered by Theodore Marcellus Smithe, Esq., the gifted president of the national club of young Americans, on the interesting occasion of the first annual dinner of that young but thriving association. My object in forwarding this document for insertion in your columns is not that either you or your readers may take pleasure in reading it; quite the contrary. I send it because I hope it will be a lesson to you in practical philosophy. It will take down a peg your stuck-up artistic notions, and those of your moonshine friends. It will prove to you the emptiness of all theories, and the great triumph of practical experience; the shallowness of books, and the value of natural native genius. It will fill you with faintness of heart when you perceive that you and those who sympathize with you are unfit for the business of this world, and that you are only trying to create an utopian world of your own, which is far behind the age, and decidedly antagonistic to the progress of civilization. But I will not anticipate, and will reserve my comments for a future day.

You will ask, perhaps, why I so confidently rely upon your printing matter directly opposed to you and your principles. You may throw my communication into the waste-paper basket, and no one be the wiser for it! So you may, but I know you won't. You are too proud to reject it. Pride is one of your unpractical notions. You reason thus:—"If he is right, I shall stand reprov'd; if wrong, my position will show for itself." Not at all, my dear friend. Right or wrong, I must and will have my partisans and opposers; and neither will appear, or, if already there, both will disappear from your subscription list—my friends, because they agree with me, my opponents because you were imprudent enough to insert my article. But this is all of no use. I know you will insert it all the same, subscribers or no subscribers.

Yours in haste,

WASHINGTON JEFFERSON SNOOKS,
Secy. of the Young American Club.

P. S.—Permit me to remark here that our president, Mr. T. M. Smithe, Esq., is a young man of not the least education; he was brought up in the dry-goods trade, and has only received the practical training of mercantile life. Not given to reading anything but

the current news of the day, his merits as an orator are due, not to books, but to natural genius, and observation of men and things. You will be struck with the soundness of his argument, as well as with the brilliancy of his rhetoric; and I am confident you will not fail to award to him admiration for a bold, genuine, and forcible train of thought, and if you do not insert words of applause, to suggest what greeted him on the delivery of his oration, you will at least award it yourself in the innermost recesses of your grumbling and rebellious heart.

W. J. S.

ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: A chap by the name of Billy Shakspeare, who lived some time ago, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth or Queen Ann, I don't care which—Billy Shakspeare, I say, said somewhere, in one of his plays, The Good-natured Man, The Vicar of Wakefield, or may be in Hamlet, no matter where—"To be or not to be? that is the question." Now, I want it understood in the outset, that I am no respecter of persons. I am not given to outward show and observances, nor do I admire the conventional formalities of an artificial society such as we find throughout Europe, and such as some old fogies would delight to introduce into this free and enlightened country. When I choose to express my admiration for an individual, I do not turn somersets by way of bowing and scraping, and call him Esquire, Captain, Reverend, or Lord This or That; but I slap him on the shoulder physically and mentally, and I say, in a downright, democratic way, "Billy Shakspeare said so and so, I will have it so. (Tremendous applause.) And if there is any one present (as I presume there is not) who happens to be an Englishman, pray do not let him feel flattered because I cite Shakspeare, whom he doubtless claims as the national property of John Bull. If Shakspeare was an Englishman, it is only owing to the fact that he lived before his time. Had he lived two hundred years later, I bet a quintal of codfish against a plum-pudding, he would have been born a Yankee, and not an Englishman. (Hear, hear.) I am too magnanimous to deny all merit to a man like Shakspeare, for indeed he was a practical man, having been a lamplighter in those benighted days when they had no gas; but I do maintain, and I refer to him for no other purpose than to show it, that he was *no better* than an old fogie; good enough, perhaps, for the times he lived in, and a right smart fellow among the parties he associated with; but when contemplated from the point of view it is our good fortune to contend for, namely, the centre of a whirlwind of progress that raises the dust over all creation, while we ourselves enjoy the ethereal perfection of a vacuum, we cannot divest ourselves of the reflection, What a pity it is for Shakspeare, that it was denied him to live in our day! and what a brick he would have been, could he have been here this night amongst us, as a member of the Young American Club of this our mighty city of New York. (Prolonged applause.)

"To be or not to be?" seems to have been the question with Shakspeare. He knew of no alternative; and yet either of his propositions are farthing candles compared with a Drummond light alongside of the great problem to be solved by young America, which is "*to appear to be*." (Three cheers for Theodore Marcellus Smithe, Esq.) "Not to be" is the old worn-out song of contentment, the lullaby of dissatisfied nations, chaff to catch benighted foreigners, but powerless on the universal Yankee. *Not to be* rich is downright poverty, an existence upon sufferance, the very vestibule of a public asylum, a position of social insignificance, of political impotence, and of reli-

gious weakness. The man who is not rich must not appear upon 'change or at the bank; he may barely slink into church, and is never invited into good society. *Not to be* learned is to vote yourself a bore, a social wall-flower, a political cipher, an eternal listener to other men's gab, a dummy, a mere make-weight. *Not to be* fashionable, *not to be* a person of taste, *not to be* a patron of Art, or a natural genius, is tantamount to annihilation; better not to be born, or to retire into the backwoods, or to live upon love in a tenement house.

"Not to be" is not only *not* the question, but it is entirely *out of the question*; and it is really surprising that it could be entertained for a moment by any one pretending to a knowledge of human nature.

If "Not to be," therefore, is to be rejected with scorn, "To be" is to be spurned with contempt. Show me the man who undertakes to be what he pretends to be, and I will show you a fool, who prefers a doubtful chance for posthumous honors to the ready cash of immediate power, influence, and general admiration. To be rich, to be wise, to be pious, to be a patriot, a statesman, a scholar, an artist, a sound merchant, or mechanic, requires a life of self-denial, a world of patience and industry, a mountain of application, a sea of study; it is a path through the endless desert—with visions of the *fata morgana*, to be sure—but without a drop to drink, without rest for the weary limb, without encouragement from our fellow-men, with plenty of suffering, sadness of heart, and bitter disappointment; and when you have arrived within sight of your goal, and look around into the countenances of your fellow-men for an acknowledgment of your merits or acquisitions, you meet but the jeers of ignorance, the taunts of jealousy, and the indifference of the crowd; and when, weary and worn in body and in mind, you go down to your eternal home, laughing heirs waste your riches in vulgar dissipation, fools derive fortunes, power and influence from stray particles of your wisdom, demagogues gain place and emolument by affecting your patriotism, small politicians earn popularity by relishing ill-digested morsels of your statesmanship, unscrupulous dealers coin money by pretended sales of your pictures, ignorant speculators palm off nostrums stamped with your name, second-rate divines acquire fat livings by pretending to your friendship, and when, here and there, a follower in your footsteps, long after you have departed, sheds the light of justice upon your acts and merits, practical men shrug their shoulders, and say you were well enough in your way, but of no useful account to the world at large. "To be" is a thankless task, and an aim that is fortunately abandoned by sensible men, who know how to take the world as it is, and make the best of it. Now and then we meet with an enthusiast, who tries "to be," and who continues *trying*, until he is tripped up by some smart fellow, in whose way he happens "to be," and vanishes from the arena, to turn up a farmer in the far West, or a "private" in some filibustering expedition.

The great problem of progress (a problem poor Shakspeare never dreamt of) is only to be solved by us young Americans. (Applause.) It is "to appear to be." What is the objection to gilded brass, if no one takes the trouble to examine it? We are dazzled by its lustre, we admire it, and press on to some other attraction. But some of my timid friends here, who covet genuine metal, are fearful, perhaps, lest its spuriousness might be discovered in the course of time. Supposing that true, and what then? The trick is admired by many, and the base metal is a comfort to many more, who are concealing some kind of an

ass in a lion's skin. The appearance is popular, its mediocrity is soothing, the thing is cheap, it is democratic, and what is more, it is genuine, because it is universal.

A pretty thing it would be for a popular editor of a daily journal to be versed in music in order to criticise the opera; to understand architecture in order to direct public taste in building; to be an amateur in literature, painting, and sculpture, so as to encourage the fine arts; to be a statesman in order to analyze political measures, a theologian to foster religion, a financier to regulate commerce. It would take the life of a Methuselah for one man to acquire so much solid knowledge, and so many accomplishments, or the fortune of a Cræsus to maintain a sanctum of editors who should preside over these different branches, when fortunes must be made in a few years. Besides, would just criticisms, learned essays, unpalatable truth, and solid facts attract subscribers? By no means! Subscribers are the people, and the people are the artists whose works need puffing, the politicians who crave popularity, the clergymen who covet influence, the financiers who work for immediate profit. These are best pleased to see their interests represented in the light of their own intellects. Why not use the parties themselves as editors *pro tem.*, and as subscribers for eternity!

Judges need not be versed in Jewish law, Greek law, Roman law, the laws of the middle ages, the Code Napoleon, or even our own laws, when law is to be administered in a popular way, otherwise the people would change the law. If a judge maintains the gravity of the court by abstaining from sleeping on the bench, or eating apples during trials—if he can please antagonistic lawyers by maintaining a masterly inactivity while they allow arguments to rise into personalities, and in the excitement of debate use inkstands by way of practical metaphors—if he is willing to stand drinks before election time, and overlook smart peccadilloes in regular voters, he is a sufficiently popular man to rise to any distinction, without muddling his brain with useless knowledge, with unpopular learning, which is often uncomfortably obtrusive, and always displeasing as pedantic and unpractical.

Must a clergyman be a Hebrew, Greek, and Latin scholar, to be a practical preacher? What has mythology to do with the Trinity, or Plutarch with the Lives of the Saints? Is the history of the Romish church a criterion for Protestants? Must Kant, Hegel, Strauss, and Voltaire be *read*, to be avoided? Is rhetoric an acceptable thing to an unsophisticated congregation? Does the history of the Council of Trent or of the Westminster Assembly mention one word of negro slavery? Why should modern pastors be bored with all this? Modern popular preaching is but starched gossip, made respectable by time and place. The shortcomings of our neighbors are dilated upon to tickle our own conceit. We sit upon the pious wheelbarrow of our fellow-man's sins, and are trying to wheel ourselves into salvation. Does it need anything more than a plausible helmsman to navigate a ship so supremely stationary? If a man knows how to talk glibly, how to inveigh terrifically against the faults of others, and to handle tenderly our own shortcomings; if he can crack a joke that shall provoke risibility just within the boundaries of decorum; if he can sympathize with the intrusive piety of disappointed spinsters, and admire the sharp transactions of stern deacons; if he can make a bold assertion, and if it be found unpopular, retract it as boldly—then he is a popular preacher par excellence, and a star of the first magnitude.

Architects of foreign countries, and I am afraid also architects in our own midst, have made expensive and time-absorbing researches into works of Egyptian and Greek art, have examined the motives which prompted the monuments of the northern hordes, from Attila down to the Conquest, have formed themselves into ecclesiological associations, to search for the rules, the customs, the notions and foibles of the early English church, have measured columns and capitals, bases and entablatures, to establish mathematical scales for beautiful proportions; they have surrounded themselves with books which swallow their scant earnings, and spend evenings in learned discussions upon Art, which ought to be devoted to their families. What is all this good for? It is the old folly of trying "to be," when all that is necessary is "to appear to be!"

Patrons of Art, gentlemen building palatial residences, do not wish to be bored with long-winded æsthetical reasons why a certain cabbage leaf would be out of taste on the keystone of their front-door, or why festoons of stray onions, crabapples and laurel-leaves planted around in odd-looking, square picture frames, hung up in vacant nooks of public buildings, are doubtful ornaments. They see those things. Smith has them on his house, Brown and Jones have already contracted for double the quantity for theirs, and he himself rather likes them, and his wife is ravishingly fond of them. He therefore prefers the architect who will put them up, simply because they are fashionable, because it saves the labor of thinking on the subject, both for himself and the owner, and because it will, in a business view, do as well as anything else, as long as people like it—and it pays.

John Dow has studied law, is eminent in his profession, and is urged by many friends, his clients and others, to represent them in Congress. He goes there from a sense of duty. He abandons a lucrative practice and a position he loves, because it appears to enable him to accomplish much that is good. He spends four out of his term of six years, without making a speech, or perhaps without casting a vote. He examines party politics, and finds them stale and unprofitable. He cannot make up his mind to occupy a position either on the side of the Tweedledum or of Tweedledee. Small arguments and small politicians are evidently the ruin of the Republic. Selfishness, brutality, and corruption are on the increase. He diligently studies into the causes; he industriously reads the histories of the rise, progress, and downfall of every great nation; he laboriously examines authentic documents and state papers; he writes six huge volumes as the result of his investigations, condensing his vast study into a great speech, which goes to show that true patriotism is not ingenious quibbling, but a self-sacrificing and magnanimous legislation for the development of man in harmony with the resources of the country. The speech is delivered in the house. Members are at first pleased with the style, and become interested in the matter. "On which side is he going to come out?" is the burden of the buzz that runs through the columns on the right and on the left. "He would be a great acquisition for our party," is the general remark. The speech comes to an end. There is a long silence. He has declared for neither party. He has censured both, and members are intensely disgusted. They move an adjournment, which is carried unanimously. The House proceeds to dinner; and over the wine it is announced that John Dow is politically dead. And so he is. The government is down on him, the opposition is down on him, the press is down on him, and his personal friends are down on him. They try to defend his course on

general principles, but they soon get tired of the fruitless effort. His successor is nominated by an enthusiastic crowd. He is elected with a tremendous majority—not for any merits he may possess, but simply because a few years ago he had been a common day laborer, and was now a successful and wealthy contractor. On election day, a portrait banner perambulates the district with a hod upon the background, and a pile of bricks, with the inscription, "Honest labor rewarded by the people." Intoxicated with his success, the great elect launches his maiden speech on the first day of his advent in the house. He attacks the corruption of the governing party; he spares neither men nor things. In the heat of the argument he rolls up his sleeves, and clenches his fists, he threatens annihilation to the government, he recounts the venal practices brought to his observation during his career as contractor, he paints with strong colors the long pent-up sufferings of an oppressed people; he avows himself the champion of the laboring classes; he calls upon the house to impeach every officer of the administration; he advises investigating committees into the conduct of heretofore unsuspected persons; and finally closes with a solemn appeal to the shades of Washington and Jackson to purify the country from its iniquities, and exhorts his partisans and the people at large to commence an unrelenting crusade against everything *that is*, that it may be exterminated, to make room for *something else*. He forbears to define this, in order to permit the house to adjourn after the severe labors of his powerful intellect. He is greeted with applause from the extreme left, and carried in triumph to his hotel. During dessert our hero remarks to a notorious lobby member that he knows what fat contracts are, and that the administration party had had them long enough. When the cloth is removed, the first toast is "To the new member." He replies in grateful, glowing language, and offers as a sentiment in return, "Our political friends—may they ever be as true to their cause as he who never turns his back upon a friend or an enemy." Next day the people's friend is appointed chairman of an investigating committee into the affairs of the executive, and he is confidently talked of as a popular candidate for the presidency. His friends are in ecstasies. The party press lauds him to the skies. His political opponents court his friendship through fear of a too searching inquiry into their conduct, and ladies and gentlemen of fashion wear breastpins in the form of a hod, which has become all the rage. Here is a man who knows how to "appear to be," and he is justly successful.

Simeon Ford, a Quaker friend of mine, has been engaged in the hardware trade for the last forty-seven years. Simeon is frugal and industrious, and always has been so. For forty-four years Simeon annually added to his stock in trade, and slowly increased the number of his customers, and augmented his wealth. In 1856, he was worth about sixty thousand dollars, in goods, accounts, and cash on hand. Simeon never speculated in stocks, nor in real estate. He bought his goods for cash, never issuing his own note, and was always ready to extend the notes of his customers on the payment of six per cent. interest, to accommodate them when short of funds. Simeon kept his account in a banking institution with a young and brilliant president, with a younger, and, if possible, more brilliant cashier. To be short, the bank declared regularly a semi-annual dividend of nine and a half per cent. upon the capital stock. This desirable result was accomplished by discounting to the hob to customers who kept large balances, by increasing the circulation to the utmost limit, and by keeping down useless

specie in the vaults to the mere standard of making change. When money was abundant, the cousin of one of the principal directors would place one or two hundred thousand by buying up presentable paper in the street at reasonable paying prices. Western banks could always be accommodated with loans in the bank notes of this flourishing institution. We said that Simeon kept an account in the bank; and by an account we meant a very decent balance, ranging from five to fifteen thousand dollars. This fact, however, was hardly known to any one but the book-keeper, for Simeon never asked accommodation, and his account, therefore, was not inquired into. Gilbert Smart was a dealer in dry goods, who commenced business in 1845, on a small capital, so stated at the time, but on *none at all*, as was privately hinted, for the five thousand he deposited in the bank were borrowed of a maiden aunt at twelve per cent. per annum, his honor being the only security given, except his personal note, payable on demand. In 1856, Gilbert Smart was doing a heavy business. No one could tell *how much* he was worth. In fact, no one inquired. One thing was certain: whether a note was made or indorsed by Gilbert Smart, it was readily discounted at the lowest rate of interest—say seven per cent., payable with a check upon a neighboring city, which check could be deposited again in the bank at a discount of only one-half per cent. on the face of it. The reason of Smart's extensive credit was his promptness in meeting his notes, which daily fell due in large amounts, and the balance he kept, or, at least, which appeared on the books upon settling monthly accounts. Smart was a daily visitor at the bank. He frequently dined with the president, and was cordial to every officer in the institution, and very familiar with the clerks. Among the banks which suspended in October, 1857, this great banking institution was the first. Not but what the concern had assets enough to meet all engagements—excepting the stock of the bank, which, it appeared, had been mostly expended in dividends—but simply from a want of specie. Among the heaviest losers was Simeon Ford, who had one-third of his possessions locked up in the hands of receivers, who assured him that the securities in hand would meet all deposits, provided they were realized. But, unfortunately, they were not realized. Both Simeon Ford and Gilbert Smart, about that time, made application to a wealthy financier for a loan, to meet their business engagements. The capitalist applied at the bank for information as to the standing of the two merchants, and received as an answer that Mr. Smart was perfectly good for any amount, and that Simeon Ford was rather in a small way, and but little known to the bank. The required loan was made to Smart, but Ford met with a refusal. Next day it was rumored that Gilbert Smart had suddenly left for Europe, to settle some heavy accounts there; and the day after, it was reported on 'Change that Smart's notes had been protested. Simeon Ford, at an immense sacrifice, by the forced sale of goods and mercantile paper, met his obligations and saved his name, but lost three-quarters of the hard earnings of nearly half a century. With the other quarter he continues his business, as best he can. His neighbors say he not only manages to live decently with his family, but also partially supports a distant cousin of his, a maiden lady well in years, who had lost the greater part of her property in the failure of her nephew, Gilbert Smart, Esq., who is now one of the most extravagant Americans residing in Paris.

I could relate many instances of men who have failed because they tried "to be," and many others who succeeded because

they never attempted anything more than "to appear to be." Besides, it is annoying to see a man setting himself up as a perfectionist merely to please himself, when no one cares a fig for what he is, or does. The moment you begin to be *thorough* in anything, you will begin to have opinions of your own, different from those of other people, and yours will necessarily clash with theirs. Whether you are a journalist, a clergyman, an artist, or a politician, you cannot be popular unless you reflect the sentiments of your patrons, the people. Perhaps you flatter yourself that you are about to benefit them by the great things you intend to accomplish. How do you know that any one wishes to be benefited by you? You may succeed, perhaps, if you can make it "appear" that your wisdom is emanating from your clients, subscribers, congregation, or constituents, or under whatever other name the people may appear in their relation to yourself. But woe to you if you attempt to devote yourself to the pursuit of any object, science, or art, without remembering at every step, that "not to be" is utter failure, that "to be" is a most dangerous experiment, sure not to pay in this world, and very doubtful as a source of future recognition; and that the great problem of life is to "appear to be," without giving offence by really being what you pretend "to be." Gentlemen, I close this address with a sentiment: "May Young America ever be popular, or at least, appear to be." (Roaring applause, cheers, and general noise and confusion.)

GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

ON the philosophy of social intercourse, we find in an English review the following remarks:

Chivalry originated first in the south of France, with all its complicated code of sentiments and customs, and left an indelible trace, not merely on the manners, but on the whole imagination of France. It is the feeling which lay at the root of French chivalry that still influences the position of women in France. "They are highly esteemed in England, they deserve it; they have made their own position. But in France their society, independently of their merit, is indispensable. Few men past thirty years old will go habitually to a house except for the mistress of it. . . . The French feeling is not gallantry in the usual acceptation of the word; it is not the young and handsome only that are centres of society. . . . The taste for woman's society and sympathy is universal, and beauties are exceptions. In England a woman's beauty and her virtues are what every man thinks of as the charm of his house. He talks with rapture of the woman who will nurse him and pour out his tea. In France you do not hear much about a woman's coffee. "Est elle aimable"—(*aimable* does not mean a virtue but an *agrément*)—"a-t-elle de l'esprit?" is the second question, if not the first that every man asks. It does not mean anything wonderful; it means—*Has she the quick perception that seizes what is said and returns change for your thoughts?* Sociability, the love of conversing, is an absolute necessity. We know men who would rather live in extreme poverty in Paris than go away for a comfortable income; not from any love of its localities, but they are afraid of being *ennuyé* for want of the conversation they find in every *salon*. Why does a man prefer his club to a drawing-room where his lady presides? And why do men in Germany never go to one but by special invitation, with a supper to make it bearable? They are as fond of their home as the French, but they have less need of companionship in their wives. But whatever is the cause, the effect is certain; and in consequence of this preference for their society, the middle-aged and the old ladies have the same relative value, according to their intellectual merit, that men have. We never heard anybody in France call a man an old woman because he was a fool of a particular twaddling kind. Old women are thought quite as capable of

wisdom as old men, and, in fact, they have more influence. We do not say that women are not duly appreciated in England. We have often been struck with the patronizing and also kindly manner with which a gentleman will go up to a lady, and endeavor to draw her out. But he does it from good feeling, and not at all for his own satisfaction, so that she ought to be more obliged.

A dispassionate reader of the newspapers in these days of political strife may amuse himself without much trouble by picking out the literary plums in the orations of our party pugilists. Here is a simile by one of the powerful of Boston, which we should not be surprised to see applied by some of our sharp-eared seekers for derisive epithets. A "cucumber platform" is quite as good for Buncombe sarcasm as any that are current:

Mr. President, when you and I were young, there appeared a clever novel called *Vivian Grey*, written by a young man who has since risen to high political distinction in England. In that novel there is a celebrated recipe for dressing cucumbers, which comes to my mind in illustration of the pains taken to devise platforms and their subsequent fate: "You must be careful to pick out the straightest, thinnest skinned, most seedless cucumber that you can find. Six hours before you want to eat it, put the stalk in cold water on a marble slab—not the whole cucumber—that's nonsense. Then pare it very carefully so as to take off all the green outside, and nothing more. Slice it as thin as possible, spread it over your dish, and sprinkle it with a good deal of white pepper, red pepper, salt and mustard-seed, mix some oil and common vinegar with a little Chili, and drown it in them. Open a large window very wide and throw it all out."

In like manner to make a political platform, you must take as comprehensive a political creed as can be found. Slice it as thin as possible; that is, cut it up into as many resolutions as the patience of your convention will bear. Sprinkle these with white pepper to suit one section of the country, and black pepper to suit another. Stir in oil for the sentimentalists and vinegar for the fanatics—then print it on a very large sheet of paper, open a pigeon-hole very wide and thrust it in so far that it may never be seen or heard of again.

Literary Record.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, FROM 1827 TO 1858. Translated by Frederick Kapp. Rudd & Carleton, New York.

THE publication of the correspondence of Alexander von Humboldt with Varnhagen von Ense has given great offence to various personages, whom the illustrious author of "*Cosmos*" has deigned to immortalize by his strictures. We do not feel much disposed to condole with them. Truth cannot progress except at the expense of social conventionalities. If these letters or any other letters written as these were, had been given prematurely to the world to minister to a love of scandal, we should demur, but coming from a source to which no such motive can be imputed, we can overlook an infraction of conventional propriety. It is well known how fond Humboldt was of taking a sort of bird's-eye view of society, and chatting about it with persons whom he met in the salons of Berlin and Paris, and the other cultivated cities of the world. It is well known how he delighted to say a kind word here and an encouraging word there; how his great soul swelled with joy if he could give pleasure or excite to noble exertion any earnest man, woman, or child thrown across his path. It is well known, how different he was in that respect from the traditional dryness and one-

sidedness of learned men; how wonderfully he combined a love of humanity with a love of external nature, thus proving that his interest in the circuit of created life was complete. One might ask how it was that he did not more fully record his studies of society—why he did not analyze those who were made the recipients of the bounties of his regal nature—the princes, kings, literati, and savans of his day? The answer is that his mental faculties were entirely absorbed by scientific labors of a different aim, and even if he had wished to record his observations of human nature, he could not well have commanded the time requisite for the faithful fulfillment of such a task. If this reply be not satisfactory, let us be thankful for the Varnhagen Letters, which are an indication of what he might have done.

It may be argued that the benign disposition, for which we give Humboldt so much credit, was strangely manifested in his letters to Varnhagen, in his applying the harshest terms to the son of Niebuhr, and others, and by referring with very questionable feelings of respect and admiration to Prince Albert and other persons of high station. "How belittling these letters are," says the poetical Mrs. Sillysnip, "I always admired Humboldt," says the Rev. Mr. Honeybag, "until I read these letters; now he has my profoundest contempt. The idea of a man of his great mind slandering in this manner the distinguished persons who honored him with their intimacy!" The clerical critic grows indignant, and is rewarded by the approving smiles of Mrs. S., and the small circle of admirers who listen to his remarks. "What next?" says the elegant Madame Parini, while playing with her little lap-dog. "I shall never again invite a learned man to my house. What right has he to abuse Prince Albert? The prince's letter was very polite; why should the old man fret about it?" A very pompous and dignified old gentleman now takes up the word, and after considerable hesitation says in a solemn voice that he regards the publication of the letters as a breach of confidence. They were *private* letters. "And the letters themselves," he adds with emphasis, "are revolutionary in their spirit and unseemly in their tone." This declaration creates the greatest sensation, for he who delivers it is generally slow in expressing his opinion. He is no less a personage than the Hon. Jeremiah Philat, the president of several moneyed institutions, a millionaire, the father of a family of fashionable daughters, and one of the luminaries of society. Among heavy literary men, and other gleaners in the dusty strata of orthodox facts, the great man is also subjected to most malignant criticism. His bold utterances confound the stagnant conservatism of their musty natures. We heard some of these men, who disguise their scanty knowledge under a certain vivacity and smartness of mannerism, declare that the letters are totally devoid of interest. "Not one startling incident in them," they say. Some actually make their friends believe that they censure the letters for their want of brilliancy, whereas, in fact, they are utterly ignorant of the relations in which Humboldt lived with his age, of the characters of the parties referred to, and of the circumstances under which they were written. Who can read the letters of Arago, Metternich, Madame Récamier, Manzoni, and the Duchess of Orleans, and not award a verdict of interest to the volume, and this, too, without including in the verdict the short, pithy, and frank utterances of the illustrious commentator. Humboldt is one of the few exceptions among men of his ability and pursuits who have come in contact with the world of power and ambition and not been corrupted by it. He saw what men really were, and expressed himself accordingly, as in the case of Von Raumer, the Minister of Public